The life and death of King Richard the Second
from Mr. William Shakespear's comedies, histories, & tragedies.
Published according to the true original copies.

Mr. William Shakespear's comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.


<publicationStmt><publisher><orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian Libraries</orgName>, <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName></publisher><date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6 (πA1+1)

[πB^2], 2A-2B^6

2C^2 a-g^6 χg^6 h-v^6 x^4 χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]i a-f^6

hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)2A-2B^6 2C^2 a-

'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]i 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6

2k-2v^6

x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2

mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1

recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1

recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droecheout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit · London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></acquisition>
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p></p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)<p></p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
Abbott</persName><persName type="form">Abbot.</persName></person><person xml:id="F-r2-aum">
<persName type="standard">Duke of Aumerle, son of the Duke of York</persName><persName type="form">Au.</persName></person><persName type="form">Aum.</persName></person><person xml:id="F-r2-bag">
<persName type="standard">Bagot, servant to King Richard II</persName><persName type="form">Ba.</persName></person><persName type="form">Bag.</persName></person><person xml:id="F-r2-ber">
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<persName type="standard">Bushy, servant to King Richard II</persName><persName type="form">Bu.</persName></person><persName type="form">Bushy.</persName></person><persName type="form">Bushie.</persName></person><person xml:id="F-r2-bol">
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  <persName type="form">Exton.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Fitzw.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Gar.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gard.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, uncle to the king</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ga.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gan.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gau.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gaunt.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Gr.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gre. </persName>
  <persName type="form">Gree. </persName>
  <persName type="form">Greene. </persName>
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  <persName type="form">Keep.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-r2-ric">
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  <persName type="form">Kin.</persName>
  <persName type="form">King.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ri.</persName>
</person>
<persName type="form">Ric.</persName>
<persName type="form">Rich.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-r2-lad">
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<person xml:id="F-r2-mar">
<persName type="standard">Lord Marshal</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-r2-mow">
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<persName type="form">Mo.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mow.</persName>
</person>

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<persName type="standard">Earl of Northumberland</persName>
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<persName type="form">Per.</persName>
<persName type="form">Percie.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r2-que">
<persName type="standard">Queen</persName>
<persName type="form">Qu.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r2-ros">
<persName type="standard">Lord Ross</persName>
<persName type="form">Ros.</persName>
<persName type="form">Ross.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-r2-sal">
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<persName type="form">Salub.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-r2-scr">
<persName type="standard">Sir Stephen Scroope</persName>
<persName type="form">Scroope.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-r2-ser">
<persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
<persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
</person>

<persName type="form">Lady, attending on the Queen</persName>
The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard. O Ld [hi rend="italic"]Iohn of Gaunt[/hi], time honoured Lancaster,

Hast thou according to thy oath and band

Brought hither [hi rend="italic"]Henry[/hi] Herford thy bold son:

Heere to make good y[hi rend="italic"]boistrous late appeale,[/hi]

Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,

Against the Duke of Norfolke, [hi rend="italic"]Thomas Mowbray[/hi]? 

Gaunt.
I haue my Liege.

Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him, If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice, Or worthily as a good subject should On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

As neere as I could sift him on that argument, On some apparant danger seene in him, Aym at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

Then call them to our presence face to face, And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake; High stomack d are they both, and full of ire, In rage, deafe as the sea; hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Many yeares of happy dayes befall My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

Each day still better others happinesse, Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap, Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs, As well appeareth by the cause you come, Namely, to appeale each other of high treason. Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou object Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now <hi rend="italic">Thomas Mowbray</hi> do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglier seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue
Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post, vntill it had return'd
These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman du rst set his foote.
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.
Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoken, or thou canst devise.

I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

What doth our Cosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their firs head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glouste's death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cries,
(Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)

To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:

And by the glorious worth of my descent,

This armes shall do it, or this life be spent.

Who = #F-r2-ric

King.

How high a pitch his resolution soares:

Thomas of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this?

Mow.

King.

Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,

Were he my brother, nay our kingdoms heyre,

As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;

Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,

Such neighbour to our sacred blood,

Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize the vn-stooping firmenesse of my vpright soule.

He is our subiect (Mowbray) so art thou,

Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow.

Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:

Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,

Disburst I to his Highnesse soulidiers;

The other part reseru'd I by consent,

For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,

Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,

Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:

Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,

I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)

Neglected my sworne duty in that case:

For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my foe,

Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my greeued soule:
But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend.
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this overweening Traitors foote,
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this overweening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.

King.
Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun.

Gaunt.
To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King.
Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt.
When Harrie when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.
Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
boote.

Gaunt.
When Harrie when? Obedience bids,
Mow. "My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot."
"My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,"
"The one my dutie owes, but my faire name"
"Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue"
"To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue."
"I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,"
"Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:"
"The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood"
"Which breath'd this poysnon."

King. "Rage must be withstood:"
"Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame."

Mo. "Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,"
"And I resigne my gage. My deere Lord,"
"The purest treasure mortall times afford"
"Is spotlesse reputation: that away,"
"Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay."
"A j ewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,"
"Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest."
"Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:"n"Take Honor from me, and my life is done,"
"Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,"n"In that I liue; and for that will I die."

King. "Coosin, throw downe your gage,"n"Do you begin."

Bul. "Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin."
"Shall I seeke Crest&lt;x2011;falne in my fathers sight,"n"Or with pale beggar&lt;x2011;fearre impeach my hight"
"Before this out&lt;x2011;dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,"n"Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;"
"Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare"
"The slauish motiue of recanting fear,"n"And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,"n"Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbrayes face."
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<|l>We were not borne to sue, but to command,|l>
<|l>Which since we cannot do to make you friends,|l>
<|l>Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)|l>
<|l>At Couentree, vpon Lambe|l>
<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice><hi rend="italic">Lamberts</hi> day:<|l>
<|l>There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate|l>
<|l>The swelling difference of your setled hate:|l>
<|l>Since we cannot attone you, you shall see|l>
<|l>Justice designe the Victors Chialerie.|l>
<|l>Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,|l>
<|l>Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.|l>
</sp>
<br stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Sc|na Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gaunt, and Dutsch|s of Gloucester.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
<speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
<|l>Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,|l>
<|l>Doth more solicite me then your exclaimes,|l>
<|l>To stirre against the Butchers of his life.|l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0349-0.jpg" n="25"/>
<fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<|l>But since correction lyeth in those hands|l>
<|l>Which made the fault that we cannot correct,|l>
<|l>Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,|l>
<|l>Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,|l>
<|l>Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.|l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-dgl">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<|l>Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?|l>
<|l>Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?|l>
<|l><hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)|l>
<|l>Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood.|l>
<|l>Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:|l>
<|l>Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,|l>
<|l>Some of those branches by the destinies cut:|l>
<|l>But <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster.|l>
<|l>One Violl full of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Sacred blood.|l>
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
By Enuies hand, and Murde his bloody Axe.
Ah! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience it is dispaire,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

Heauens is the quarrel: for heauens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.

Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?
Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breste,
Or if misfortune misse the first carreeere,
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy Sometimes brothers wife

With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

Yet one word: Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.

More: Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.
Aum.

Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar.
The Duke of Norfolke, sprightfully and bold,

Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.

Au.

Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, &c; others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich.

Marshall, demand of yonder Champion

The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,

Aske him his name, and orderly proceed

To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mow.

My name is Thomas

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

Who hither comes engaged by my oath

(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth.

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

To God, my King, and his succeeding issue.

Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:

And by the grace of God, and this mine armes,

To proue him (in defending of my selfe)

A Traitor to my God, my King, and me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes, Both who he is, and why he commeth hither, Thus placed in habiliments of warre, And formerly according to our Law Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

What is thy name? and wherfore comst yu hither Before King Richard in his Royall Lists? Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell? Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes, To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour, In Lists, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke, That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous, To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me, And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

On paine of death, no person be so bold, Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes, Except the Marshall, and such Officers Appointed to direct these faire designes.

Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand, And bow my knee before his Maiestie: For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loyning farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of Herford, as they cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbrayes speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord Aumerle;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two fold rigor lift mee vp
to reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances po\nt,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of John a Gaunt.

Euen in the lusty hauior of his sonne.
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

Mine innocence, and thriue.

There liues, or dies, tgrue to Kings
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to iest,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the trial Marshall, and begin.

Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

Go beare this Lance to Thomas
Lancaster</hi>, and Herford,
Lancaster</hi>, and Derby</hi>, and

Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
1. Har.

Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,

On paine to be found false, and recreant,

To proue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

On paine to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himselfe, and to approue

Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:

Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin.

Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk

On paine to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himselfe, and to approue

Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby

To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:

Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin.

A charge sounded

Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:

Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,

And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:

Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,

While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and lift

What with our Counsell we haue done.

For that our kingdoms earth should not be soyld

With that deere blood which it hath fostered.

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,

Which so rouz'd up with boystrous vntun'd drummes,

With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes.
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice liue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our faire dominions,
But treads the stranger pathes of banishment.

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Till twice liue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
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Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow houres shall not deter
minate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Hau'e I deserued at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares
(My natiue English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death?
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

It boots thee not to be compassionate.
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Then thus I turne me from my countries light

To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,

Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;

Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen

(Our part therein we banish with your selues)

To keepe the Oath that we administer:

You shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)

Embrace each others loue in banishment,

Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

The life and death of Richard the second.

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile

This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,

Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,

To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,

'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

I sweare.

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile

This lowring tempest of your home & x2011 bred hate,

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I sweare.

If euer I were
Traitor,

My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soonе (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Sawe backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Exit.

Rich.

Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greeued heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

Bul.

How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt.

I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure years of my sonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light

Shall be extinct with age, and endlessse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done:
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich.

Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.

Bul.

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Ric.

Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,
Where to thy tongue a party &
Why at our Justice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gau.

Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich.

Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourish.

Au.

Confine farewell what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar.

My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt.

Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull.

I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau.

Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.
Bull.

Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gan.

What is sixe Winters, they are quickely gone?

Bul.

To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau.

Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul.

My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau.

The sullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froste Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can.
Though banish'd, yet a true Englishman.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

We did observe. Cosine Aumerle, how far brought you high Herford on his way?

I brought high Herford (if you call him so) but to the next high way, and there I left him.

And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind Which then grew bitterly against our face, Awak'd the sleepie rheume, and so by chance Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

Farewell: and for my hart disdained ye word should so prophane the word, that taught me craft.

To counterfeit oppression of such greefe.

That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes grave.

Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres.

And added yeeres to his short banishment.

He should haue had a volume of Farwels.

but since it would not, he had none of me.

He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt, When time shall call him home from banishment.

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and Bagot and Greene,

Our Courtship to the common people:

How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,

With humble, and familiar courtesie,

What reverence he did throw away on slaues;

Wooing poore Craftes, and soules,

Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

The life and death of Richard the second.

A brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:

Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,

Expedient manage must be made my Liege.

Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes

For their advauntage, and your Highnesse losse.

We will our selfe in person to this warre,

And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,

And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,

We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,

The Reuennew whereof shall furnish vs for our affayres in hand: if that come short

Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blank;

Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,

And send them after to supply our wants:

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what newes?
Old <hi rend="italic">Iohn of Gaunt</hi> is verie sicke my Lord,

Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste To entreat your Maiesty to visit him:

Where lyes he? At Ely house.

Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde, To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.

Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late.

Exit.

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.

Will the King come, that I may breath my last In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?

Vex not yo ure selfe, nor striue not with your breth, For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men Inforce attention like deepe harmony;

Where words are scarse, they are se ldom spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.

He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The setting Sun, and Musicke is the close
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds
As praises of his state: then there are sound
Lasciuous Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth always listen.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe,
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian service, and true Chivalrie,
As is the sepulcher in stubborne
Of the Worlds ransome, blessed Sonne.
This Land of such deere soules, this deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious siedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.
Yor.
The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
What comfort man? How ist with aged Gaunt?
Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,
Is strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.
Can sicker men play so nicely with their names?

No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

Thy death is no lesser then the Land,

Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,

And thou too care; the land patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those Physicians, that first wounded thee,

A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,

Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,

And yet incaged in so small a Verge,

The waste is no whitt lesser then thy Land;

Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,

Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possesst,
Which art possesst now to depose thy selfe,
Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his Land by lease:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his Land by lease:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the law,
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy had from thy vnreuerent shoulders.
Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards sonne,
For that I was his Father Edwards sonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows’d.
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)
May be a president, and witnesse good,
That thou respect’st not spiling Edwards blood:
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither’d flowre.
Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words hereaftuer, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue.

Exit

And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.
I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words to wayward sickliness, and age in him: as Yor. he loues you on my life, and holds you deere as Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

Right, you say true: as Herfords loue, so his; as theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nay nothing, all is said: his tongue is now a stringlesse instrument, words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so, though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he, his time is spent, our pilgrimage must be: so much for that. Now for our Irish warres, we must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes, which liue like venom, where no venom else but onely they, haue priuiledge to liue. Which liue like venom, where no venom else but onely they, haue priuiledge to liue. And for these great affayres do aske some charge towards our assistance, we do seize to vs.
The plate, coine, reuvennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> did stand possest.

How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not <hi rend="italic">Glousters</hi> death, nor <hi rend="italic">Herfords</hi> banishment,
Nor <hi rend="italic">Gauntes</hi> rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Haue euer made me sowre may patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the last of noble <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy how <gap unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>rs:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh <hi rend="italic">Richard, Yorke</hi> is too farre gone with greefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford?
Is not <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> dead? And doth not Herford liue?
Was not <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> iust? and is not <hi rend="italic">Richard, Yorke</hi> is too farre gone with greefe,
Did not the one deserve o have an heyre? 
Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Parents that he hath
By his Attorneyes generall, to sue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,
c3
What
The life and death of Richard the second.
That their euents can neuer fall out good.
Exit.
Rich.
Go to the Earle of Wiltshire streight,
Bid him repair to vs to Ely house,
To see this business: to morrow next,
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.<br/>

Flourish.<br/>

Willughby, &amp; Ross.<br/>

Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.<br/>

And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.<br/>

Barely in title, not in reuennew.<br/>

Richly in both, if iustice had her right.<br/>

My heart is great: but it must break with silence,<br/>Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.<br/>

Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more<br/>That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.<br/>

Tends that thou'dst speake to th'<choice><abbr>Du.</abbr><expan>Duke</expan></choice> of Hereford,<br/>If it be so, out with it boldly man,<br/>Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.<br/>

No good at all that I can do for him,<br/>Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,<br/>Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.<br/>

Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,<br/>In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King severely prosecute 'gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yielded vpon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

He hath not monie for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to avoid the storme:
We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely pe

Ros.

We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now

Nor.

Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil.

Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Blan

A Bay in Britaine, receiu'd intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herford, Rainald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Archbishop, late of Canterbury,
John Rainston,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Norberie,
Robert Waterton, & Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slaush yoake,
Impe our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeem from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to Rauenspurgh,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y
To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y<

To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y<

To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y<

Exeunt.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.

Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe; harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Exeunt.
<speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>

Each substance of a grieve hath twenty shadows.
Which shewes like grieve it selfe, but is not so.
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares.
Diuides one thing intire, to many objects.
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd vpon.
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry.
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie.
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure.
Finde shapes of grieve, more then himselfe to waile.
Which look'd on as it is, is naught
bur but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu.
It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

'Btis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
From some forefather grieve, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grieve,
Nor something, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.
Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle
men:
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Qu.
Why hop'st thou so? Tis better hope he is:
For his designes craue hast, his hast good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre.
That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
The banish'd Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe;
And with vp&oacute;#x2011;lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At Rauenspurg.

Gr.
O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne Henrie Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumo, Willoughby,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bush.
Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre.
We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And al the houshold seruants fled with him to Bullinbrook.

Qu.
So <hi rend="italic">Greene</hi>, thou art the midwife of my woe,

And <hi rend="italic">Bullinbrooke</hi> my sorrowes dismall heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,

And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

Dispaire not Madam.

Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire, and be at enmitie With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,

A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,

Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

With signes of warre about his aged necke,

Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:

Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:

Your husband he is gon e to saue farre off,

Whilst others come to make him loose at home:

Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a seruant.

My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

He was: why so: go all which way it will:

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will I feare revolt on Herfords side.

Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold, take my Ring.

My Lord, I had forgot

To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shall greeue you to report the rest.

An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.

What is't knaue?

An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.

Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes

Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to do: I would to heauen

(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.

Go fellow, get thee home, p<

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you muster men?

If I know how, or which way t</c>o order these affaires

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen,

Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath

And dutie bids defend: th'other againe

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:

Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,

Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,

And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:

I <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>should to
Plashy too: but time will not permit,

>All is vneuen, and every thing is left at six and seuen.

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
  <p>The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,</p>
  <p>But none returnes: For vs to leuye power</p>
  <p>Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>
  <p>Besides our nee</p>
  <p>nesse to the King in loue,</p>
  <p>Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ba.</speaker>
  <p>And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue</p>
  <p>Lies in th'ire purses, and who so empties them,</p>
  <p>By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
  <p>Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>
  <p>If judgement lye in them, then so do we,</p>
  <p>Because we haue beene euer neere the King.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>
  <p>Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,</p>
  <p>The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
  <p>Thither will I with you, for little office</p>
  <p>Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,</p>
  <p>Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:</p>
  <p>Will you go along with vs?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>
  <p>No, I will to Ireland to his Maistie:</p>
  <p>Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,</p>
  <p>We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">
That's as Yorke thriues to beate back Bullinbroke.

Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie, Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Farewell once, for once, for all, and euer.

Well, we may meete againe.

Enter the Duke of Herford, and Northumberland.

How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Beleeue me noble Lord, I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire, These high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuen waies, Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearsome:

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

Which I protest hath very much beguild the tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse:
And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

It is my Sonne, young Harry Percie,
Sent from my Brother Worcester:
Whence soeuer.

I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
health of you.

Why, is he not with the Queene?

What was his reason?

Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
North.

Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

North.

Then learn to know him now: this is the Duke.

I thanke thee gentle Percie, and be sure

I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,

As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:

And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,

It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,

My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre

Keepes good old Yorke there, with his Men of Warre?

There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,

And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkely, and Seymour,

None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

Men of Warre?
Here come the Lords of Rosse and Willoughby.

Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.

Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues

A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie

Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,

Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,

Which till my infant fortune comes to yeeres,

Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse.

My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

My Lord, my Answere is to Lancaster.

And I am come to seeke that Name in England.

And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning

To raze one Title of your Honor out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,

The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

I shall not need transport my words by you,

Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Uncle.

Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable, and false.

Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,

I am no Traytor's Uncle, and that word Grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why have these banish'd, and forbidden legs,

Dare'd once to touch a Dust of England's Ground?

But more then why, why have they dare'd to march

So many miles upon her peacefull Bosom,

Frighting her pale-faced Villages with Warre,

And ostentation of despised Armes?

Com'st thou because th'anointed King is hence?

Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyall Bosome lies his power.

Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe

Rescued the Black Prince, that yong Mars of men,

From forth the Ranks of many thousand French:

Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,

Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy Fault.

My gracious Uncle, let me know my Fault,

On what Condition stands it, and wherein?
York.

Euen in Condition of the worst degree,

In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come:

Before th'expiration of thy time,

In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.

As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace

Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my Father, for me thinkes in you

I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then my Father,

Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties

Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?

If that my Cousin King, be King of England,

It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.

You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my Noble Kinsman,

Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,

He should haue found his Vnckle a Father,

To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay,

I am denyde to sue my Luiere here,

And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue,

My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What

The life and death of Richard the second.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,

And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me:

And therefore personally I lay my claime

To my Inheritance of free Discent.

North.

The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

Base men by his endowments are made great.

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,

Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,

To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;

And you that doe abett him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is

But for his owne: and for the right of that,

Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,

And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,

Because my power is weake, and all ill left:

But if I could, by him that gaue me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoope

Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.

But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,

I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,

Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,

And there repose you for this Night.

An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:

But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs

To Bristow Castle, which they say is held

By Bushie, Bagot, and ther Compli

The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,

Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.
York.

It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Exeunt.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their King is dead.

Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:

Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,

And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes.

Exit.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men: Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules, (Since presently your soules must part your bodies)

With too much vrging your pernittious liues,

For 'twere no charitie: yet to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men,

I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.

You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,

A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,

By you vnhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:

You haue in manner with your sinfull houres

Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,

Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,

And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,

With teares drawn from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.

My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,

Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,

Till you did make him misinterprete me,

Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,

And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment:

While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,

Dis-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my forrest Woods;

From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,

Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,

To shew the World I am a Gentleman.

This, and much more, much more then twice all this,

Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.

More welcome is the stroake of death to me, then Bullingbrooke to England.

My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules, and plague Injustice with the paines of Hell.

My Lord Northemberland see them dispatch'd:

Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House, For Heauens sake fairly let her be entreated, Tell her I send to her my kind commends; Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away, To fight with Glendoure, and his Complices; A while to worke, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours. Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre, after your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy to stand vpon my Kingdom once againe.

Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand, though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:

As a long parted Mother with her Child.

Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth.

and doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.

Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth.

Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous sence:

But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,

And heauie&gated Toades lye in their way,

Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,

Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.

Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;

And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,

Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch

Throw death vp thy Soueraignes Enemies,

Mock not my sencelesse Coniuration, Lords;

This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones prove armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

He meanes, my Lord, tht we are too remisse, whilest Bullingbrooke through our securitie,

Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Discomforatable Cousin, knowest thou not,

That which the searching Eye of Heauen is hid behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,

Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,
In murders and in Out rage bloody here:

But when from under this Terrestrial Ball

He fires the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,

And darts his Lightning through every guilty hole,

The Murthers, Treasons, and detested sins

(The Cloak of Night being plucked from off their backs)

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bullingbrooke

Who all this while hath revel'd in the Night,

Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,

His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of Day:

But selfe affrighted, tremble at his sinne.

Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea

Can wash the Balme from an anointed King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The Deputie elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,

To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,

Heauen for his Richard hath in heauony pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,

Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,

Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:

One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)

Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:

Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,

And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:

To day, to day, vnhappie day too late

Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;

For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst, and fled.

Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>But now the blood of twentie thousand men</l>
  <l>Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.</l>
  <l>And till so much blood thither come againe.</l>
  <l>Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?</l>
  <l>All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side.</l>
  <l>For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
  <l>Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?</l>
  <l>Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:</l>
  <l>Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?</l>
  <l>Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes</l>
  <l>At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,</l>
  <l>Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?</l>
  <l>High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> Hath Power enough to serue our turne.</l>
  <l>But who comes here?</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Scroope.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-scr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>
  <l>More health and happinesse betide my Liege,</l>
  <l>Then can my care&amp;#x2011;tu'n'd tongue deliuer him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>Myne eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:</l>
  <l>The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:</l>
  <l>Say, Is my Kingdome lost? Why 'twas my Care:</l>
  <l>And what losse is it to be rid of Care?</l>
  <l>Striues <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> to be as Great as wee?</l>
  <l>Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,</l>
  <l>Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.</l>
  <l>Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,</l>
  <l>They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:</l>
  <l>Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,</l>
  <l>The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-scr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>
</sp>
Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
to beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:
So Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe unwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
They very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
Yea Distaffe;Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with Bulingbrooke.

Peace haue they made with him indee (my Lord.)
That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with

Peace haue they made with him indee (my Lord.)

Peace haue they made with him indee (my Lord.)

Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.
Scroope.

Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,

Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate;

Againe vn curse their Soules; their peace is made;

With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse;

Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,

And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum.

Is <hi>Bushie, Greene</hi>, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

No matter where; of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,

Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes

Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.

Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:

And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,

Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our Lands, our Liues, and all are <hi>Bullingbrookes</hi>,

And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,

And that small Modell of the barren Earth,

Which serves as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:

For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,

Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,

Some poysnon'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,

All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,

Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,

To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores though his Castle Walls, and farwell King.
Couver your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie.
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to waile:
to feare the Foe,
since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight;
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.

Thou chid'st me well: proud Bullingbrooke I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouer — blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.

Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vnckle Yorke is ioyn'd with

Carl.
My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learme to make a Body of a Limbe.

Aum.
Thou chid'st me well: proud Scroope
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouer — blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
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Rich.
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Scroope.
Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vnckle Yorke is ioyn'd with
And all your Northerne Castles yeeld ed vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.

Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerverlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes slaeue, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
to eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
to alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

My Liege, one word.
He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richards Night, to Bullingbrookes faire Day.

So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.

Is the newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland, to say King Richard: alack the heauie day, when such a sacred King should hide his head.

Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,

The time hath beene, would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you, for taking so the Head, your whole heads length.

Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.

The Castle yeeld? (crend="italic")

The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,

I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe

Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie. Welcome (hi rend="italic")

Welcome (hi rend="italic") Harry: (hi rend="italic") what, will not this
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

Royally? Why, it contains no King?!</l>

Yes (my good Lord)</l>

It doth containe a King: King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>

Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,

And with him, the Lord <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, Lord Salisbury</hi>,

Sir <hi rend="italic">Stephen Scroope</hi>, besides a Clergie man</l>

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.</l>

Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.</l>

Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,

Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle</l>

Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:

Henry Bullingbrooke</hi> vpon his knees doth kisse</l>

King <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> hand, and sends allegiance</l>

And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come</l>

Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,</l>

Proud, that my Banishment repeal'd,</l>

And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:</l>

If not, Ile vse th'advantage of my Power,</l>

And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,</l>

Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;</l>

The which, how farre off from the mind of <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>

It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench</l>

The fresh greene Lap of faire King <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>

My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.</l>

Goe signifie as much, while here we march</l>

Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:

Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,</l>

That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements</l>

Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd</l>

Me thinkes King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> and my selfe should meet</l>

With no lesse terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Wate
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard
how he lookes.
Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.
See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

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York.
Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

Rich.
Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every stride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to open
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he looks for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vn(ciuill) Armes
Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires Bones,
By the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
By the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am Gentleman, I credit him.

And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Commands that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,

And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
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His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am Gentleman, I credit him.

His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?
No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'st thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he loose
The Name of King?
o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Jewels for a sett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I liue
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head
?/e/
Amerle, thou weep'st (my tender hearted Cousin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Deearth in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Most mightie Prince, my Lord

Most mighty Prince, my Lord
What sayes King Bullingbrooke? Will his Maiestie giue Richard leaue to liue, till Richard die?
You make a Legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.

My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

What says his Maiestie?

What says his Maistie?

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

What says his Maiestie?

North. Wanting the manage of vnruuly lades.
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King.
For night Owls shrike, where
Larks should sing.

What says his Maiestie?

North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

What says his Maistie?

North. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.

My gracious Lord.

Faire Cousin,

You debase your Princely Knee,

To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.

Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Courtesie.

Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.

Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,

As my true service shall deserve your loue.

Well you deseru'd:

They well deserve to haue, and want their Remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,

Though you are old enough to be my Heire.

What you will haue, I le giue, and willing to,

For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.

Set on towards London:

Cousin, is it so?

Yea, my good Lord.
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Flourish.
</stage>

Exeunt.</div>

<div type="scene" n="4">
  <head rend="italic center">Scene Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.</stage>
</div>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,</l>
  <l>To drive away the heavy thought of Care?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Madame, we'll play at Bowles.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>'Twill make me think the World is full of Rubs,</l>
  <l>And that my fortune runs against the Byas.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Madame, we'll Dance.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,</l>
  <l>When my poore Heart no measure keeps in Griefe.</l>
  <l>Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Madame, we'll tell Tales.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Of eyther, Madame.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Of neyther, Girle.</l>
  <l>For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,</l>
  <l>It doth remember me the more of Sorrow;</l>
</sp>
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La.
Madame, Ile sing.
'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.
I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did
shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by<br rend="italic">Bullingbrooke:<hi rend="italic">Bushie,
Greene</hi>.<br>

What are they dead?
They are,
And<br rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste,
Their fruities of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.

Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adams likeness, set to dresse this Garden:
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing

Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I to breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrooke, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke:
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King

Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great

Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow.

Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:

Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Nor&x2011;
Abbot of Westminster. Herauld, Officers and Bagot.

Call forth Bagot.
Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Then set before my face, the Lord Aumerle.

Cosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Then set before my face, the Lord Aumerle.
My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue.

Scornes to vnsay, what it hath once deliuer'd.

In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,

That reacheth from the restfull English Court

As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.

Amongst much other talke, that very time,

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,

Then Bulingbrookes returne to England; adding withall,

How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.

Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shal I so much dishonor my faire Starres,

On equall termes to giue him chasticement?

Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd

There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death

That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,

And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base

To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.

If that thy valour stand on sympathize:

There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thine:

By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)

That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.

If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,

And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,

Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum.

Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.

Fitz.

Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per.

Aumerle, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true:

In this Appeale, as thou art all vnjust:

To proue it on thee, to th'extreamest point:

And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,

Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

My Lord, you were in presence then,

And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

As false, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

Surrey, thou Lyest.

As false, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

Surrey, thou Lyest.
<speaker rend="italic">Surrey.</speaker>  
Dishonourable Boy; <l>Dishonourable Boy;</l>  
That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword, <l>That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,</l>  
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge, <l>That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,</l>  
Till thou the Lye giver, and that Lye, doe lye <l>Till thou the Lye giver, and that Lye, doe lye</l>  
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull, <l>In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull,</l>  
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne, <l>In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,</l>  
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st. <l>Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.</l>  

An ink mark follows the end of this line.  
</sp>  

Fitzw.<l>Fitz.</l>  
How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse? <l>How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse?</l>  
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue, <l>If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,</l>  
I dare meete <hi rend="italic">Surrey</hi> in a Wildernesse, <l>I dare meete <hi rend="italic">Surrey</hi> in a Wildernesse,</l>  
And spit vpon him, whilst I say he Lyes, <l>And spit vpon him, whilst I say he Lyes,</l>  
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith, <l>And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,</l>  
To tye thee to my strong Correction. <l>To tye thee to my strong Correction,</l>  
As I intend to thriue in this new World, <l>As I intend to thriue in this new World,</l>  
Aimerle <hi rend="italic">Aimerle</hi> is guiltie of my true Appeale.  
Besides, I heard the banish'd <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> say, <l>Besides, I heard the banish'd <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> say,</l>  
That thou <hi rend="italic">Aimerle</hi> didst send two of thy men, <l>That thou <hi rend="italic">Aimerle</hi> didst send two of thy men,</l>  
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis. <l>To execute the Noble Duke at Callis,</l>  
Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage, <l>Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,</l>  
That <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> lyes: here doe I throw downe this, <l>That <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> lyes: here doe I throw downe this,</l>  
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor. <l>If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor,</l>  
These differences shall all rest vnder Gage, <l>These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,</l>  
Till <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be; <l>Till <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;</l>  
And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe <l>And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe</l>  
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd, <l>To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,</l>  
Against <hi rend="italic">Aimerle</hi> we will enforce his Tryall.  
</sp>  

Fitz.
Carl.

That honorable day shall ne're be seene.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolke fought

For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field

Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,

Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens

And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe

To Italy, and there at Venice gaue His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,

And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ, Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

Why Bishop, is Norfolke dead?

As sure as I liue, my Lord.

Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule To the Bosome of good old Abraham.

Lords Appealants, your differences shal all rest vnder gage, Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Great Duke of Lanca ster, I come to thee From plume pluckt Richard, who with willing Soule

Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds

To the possession of thy Royall Hand.

Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,

And long liue Henry, of that Name the Fourth.

In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

Mary, Heauen forbid.
Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
Yet best beseeing me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble Richard: then true Noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not Richards Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to proud Herefords King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this House, against this House
It will the wofullest Diuision proue,
That euer fell vpon this cursed Earth.
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
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Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

North.

Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

North.

Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull.
Fetch hither Richard, that in common view

He may surrender: so we shall proceede

Without suspition.

He may surrender: so we shall proceede

Without suspition.

I will be his Conduct.

Exit. Enter Richard and Yorke.

To doe that office of thine owne good will,

To doe that office of thine owne good will,

To the Resignation of thy State and Crowne

To the Resignation of thy State and Crowne

Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a depe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount vp on high.

Bull. I thought you had been willing to resigne.

My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; stil l am I King of those.

Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne;
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:
Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndeoe my selfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balm,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbrok
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.
Long may'st thou liue in Richards Seat
to sit,
And soone lye Richard in an Earthie Pit.

God saue King Henry, vn-King'd sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne dayes.

What more remaines?

Must I doe so? and must I rauell out My weau'd vp follyes? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe, To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilate

Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.
My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich.

Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt Water blinesd them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
Tvndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant.

North.

No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of Bullingbrooke,
To melt my selfe away in Water drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight.
That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull.

Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking Glass.
Read o're this Paper, while y Glasse doth come.
Fiend, thou tormentes me, ere I come to Hell.
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

The shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough, when I doe see the very Booke indeede,

Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke?

And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,

Like to my followers in prosperitie,

Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face that euery day, vnder his House hold Roofe,

Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,

That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?

Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,

Was at last out fac'd by Bullingbrooke?

A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,

As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,

For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.

Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,

How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd the shadow of your Face.

Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,

Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,

And these externall manner of Laments,

Are meerily shadowes, to the vnseen Griefe,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.

There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King

For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st

Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull.
Name it, faire Cousin.

Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subject; being now a subject,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

Yet ask.

And shall I haue?

You shall.

Then giue me leaue to goe.
Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
<div type="act" n="5">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene, and Ladies.</stage>
  </div>
  <sp who="#F-r2-que">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>This way the King will come: this is the way</l>
    <l>To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord</l>
    <l>Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud</l>
  </sp>
</div>
Bullingbrooke.<hi rend="italic">
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.
</hi>
Guard.<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">
Enter Richard, and
</stage>

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true love

Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe,
And not King Richards thou most beauteous Inne,
When Triumph is become an Ale & house Guest.

What, is my Richard both in shape and weaken'd? Hath Bullyingbrooke Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're pow'r'd: and wilt thou,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death; bed, my last liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will mourning in ashes, some
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

My Lord, the mind of Bullyingbrooke is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order take'd for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullyingbrooke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightfully Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped Throne;
The Loue of wicked friends convertis to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.

My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.
Rich.<br> Doubted by (bad men) you violate.<br> A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,<br> And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.<br> Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;<br> And yet not so, for with a Kiss 'twas made.<br> Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,<br> Where shivering Cold and Sickness pines the Clyme:<br> She came adorned hither like sweet May;<br> Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.<br> And must we be divided? must we part?<br> That were some Love, but little Policy.<br> Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.<br> So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Qu.<br> And must we be divided? must we part?<br> Banish us both, and send the King with me.<br> Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.<br> So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes.<br> So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Rich.<br> I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart<br> So two together weeping, make one Woe.

"Twice for one step I'll groan, yea short."
And peace the Way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,

Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:

One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,

to take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you breake the story off,

Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Where did I leaue?

At that sad stoppe, my Lord,

Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards' head.

At that sad stoppe, my Lord,

Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
  Then, as I said, the Duke, great
</sp>

render="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,.</i>

<hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,.</i>

You would haue thought the very windowes spake,</i>

So many greedy lookes of yong and old,</i>

Through Casements darted their desiring eyes</i>

Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,</i>

With painted Imagery had said at once,</i>

Iesu preserue thee, welcom</i>

Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,</i>

Bare¬headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,</i>

Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:</i>

And thus still doing, thus he past along.</i>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
  Dutch.</sp>

Alas poore</i>

As in a Theater, the eyes of men</i>

After a well grac'd actor leaues the Stage,</i>

Are idely bent on him that enters next,</i>

Thinking his prattle to be tedious:</i>

Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes</i>

Did scowle on</i>

No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,</i>

But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,</i>

Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,</i>

His face still combating with teares and smiles</i>

(The badges of his greefe and patience)</i>

That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd</i>

The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,</i>

And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.</i>

But heauen hath a hand in these euents,</i>

To whose high will we bound our calme contents.</i>

To</i>

Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.</i>

</sp>

Subiects now,</i>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter</stage>
Aumerle.<stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Heere comes my sonne <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>.
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>That was, <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi> that was.</l>
  <l>But that is lost, for being <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>.</l>
</sp>

Friend.<l>
  <l>And Madam, you must call him <hi rend="italic">Rutland</hi> now:</l>
  <l>I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi> that was, <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>.</l>
</l>

Spring?<l>
  <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not, <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>.</l>
    <l>God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>Well, beare you well in this new &amp; spring of time</l>
    <l>Least you be cropt before you come to prime.</l>
    <l>What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts &amp; Triumphs?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
    <l>For ought I know my Lord, they do.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorks.</speaker>
    <l>You will be there I know.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
    <l>If God preuent not, I purpose so.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
    <l>What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?</l>
    <l>Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.</l>
  </sp>
</l>
Aum.

My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yorke.

No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

I will be satisfied: let me see it I say.
Snatches

Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke.
Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.

Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is here?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,

I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answer.

Yorke. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.

Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poore boy, yourt aamaz'd,

Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yorke. Giue me my Boots, I say.
<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?</l>
  <l>Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?</l>
  <l>Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?</l>
  <l>Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?</l>
  <l>And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,</l>
  <l>Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>Thou fond mad woman:</l>
  <l>Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?</l>
  <l>A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,</l>
  <l>And interchangeably set downe their hands</l>
  <l>To kill the King at Oxford.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>He shall be none:</l>
  <l>Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my</l>
  <l>Son, I would appeach him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,</l>
  <l>Thou wouldest be more pittifull;</l>
  <l>But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect</l>
  <l>That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,</l>
  <l>And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne;</l>
  <l>Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde;</l>
  <l>He is as like thee, as a man may bee,</l>
  <l>Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,</l>
  <l>And yet I loue him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
  <l>Make way, vnruly Woman.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<sp谁="#F-r2-dyo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>After <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>. Mount thee vpon his horse,</l>
  <l>Spurre post, and get before him to the King.</l>
</sp>
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardon'd thee:
Away be gone.

Bullingbrooke

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:
For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose Companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.

My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both, I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes

May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Where is the King?

God saue your Gracie. I do beseech your Maiesty to haue some conference with your Grace alone.

Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone: What is the matter with our Cosin now?

Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key, that no man enter, till my tale me done.

Haue thy desire.

Yorke within.
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe.</l>
  <l>Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
  <l>Villaine, Ile make thee safe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
  <l>Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
  <l>Open the doore, secure foole hardy King:
    Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
    Open the doore, or I will breake it open.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
  <l>What is the matter (Vnkle) speak, recouer breath,
    Tell vs how neere is danger,
    That we many arme vs to encounter it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
    The reason that my haste forbids me show.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
  <l>Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
    I do repent me, reade not my name there,
    My heart is not confederate with my hand.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
    I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.
    Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
    Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty prove
    A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
  <l>Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
    O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:</l>
</sp>
Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad.
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.

My honor liues, when his dishonor dies,
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Enter Dutchesse within.

What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.
What shrill ‑voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

If thou do pardon, whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound.
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter
O Kin
g, beleeue not this hard
‑
hearted man,
Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.
Thou franticke woman, what dost y
make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?
Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
Rise vp good Aunt.
Not yet, I thee beseech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.
Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.
Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.
Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.
Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.

And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach.

Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.

I never long'd to hear a word till now:

Say Pardon (King,) let pity teach thee how.

The word is short: but not so short as sweet.

No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

York. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon'moy.

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?

Ah my sowe husband, my hard-hearted Lord,

That set's the word itself, against the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,

Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dut. I do not sue to stand, Pardon is all the suite I have in hand.

Pardon is all the suite I have in hand.

The Life and Death of Richard the Second.
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>

O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul.

I pardon him with all my hart.

But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe order seuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

Dut.

Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.

Ext.

Didst thou not marke the King what words hee spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not so?

Ser.

Those were his very words.

Ex.
Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?

He did.

And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Enter Richard.

I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:
And for becau se the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
<\l>With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue, and others must sit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe

Of such as haue before indur'd the like.

Thus play I in one Prison, many people,

And none contented. Sometimes am I King:

Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Beggar,

And so I am. Then crushing penurie,

Perswades me, I was better when a King:

Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,

Thinke that I am vn#x2011;king'd by Bullingbrooke,

And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,

Musick Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?

Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,

When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?

So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:

And heere haue I the dainti

denesse of eare,

To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:

But for the Concord of my State and Time,

Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.

Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,

Whereeto my finger, like a Dialls point,

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.

Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,

Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,

Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,

Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time

Runs poasting on, in Bullingbrookes proud ioy,

While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.

This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more

For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,

In me it seemses, it will make wise#x2011;men mad:

Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;

For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to Richard

Is a strange Brooch, in this all#x2011;hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>Thankes Noble Peere,</l>
  <l>The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.</l>
  <l>What are thou? And how com'st thou hither?</l>
  <l>Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge</l>
  <l>That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Groo.</speaker>
  <l>I was poore Groome of thy Stable (King)</l>
  <l>When thou wer't King: who travelling towards Yorke</l>
  <l>With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue</l>
  <l>To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.</l>
  <l>O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld</l>
  <l>In London streets, that Coronation day.</l>
  <l>When <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> rode on Roane Barbary</l>
  <l>that horse, that thou so often hast bestrid</l>
  <l>That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand</l>
  <l>This hand hath made him proud with clapping him</l>
  <l>Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe</l>
  <l>(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke</l>
  <l>Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe</l>
  <l>Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee</l>
  <l>Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse</l>
  <l>This hand hath made him proud with clapping him</l>
  <l>Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe</l>
  <l>Sincke Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke</l>
  <l>Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe</l>
  <l>Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee</l>
  <l>Since thou created to be aw'd by man</l>
  <l>Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse</l>
  <l>This hand hath made him proud with clapping him</l>
  <l>Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe</l>
  <l>Sincke Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke</l>
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  <l>Sincke Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke</l>
  <l>Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe</l>
  <l>Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee</l>
  <l>Since thou created to be aw'd by man</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend</l>
  <l>How went he vnder him</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Groo.</speaker>
  <l>So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>So proud, that <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> was on his backe</l>
  <l>That lade hath eate bread from my Royall hand</l>
</sp>
Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

Rich.

If thou love me, 'tis time thou were't away.

Groo.

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit.

My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Thee.

Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.

Who.

The diuell take Henrie of Lancaster, and thee;

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Exton strikes him downe.
That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire, Exton,
thy fierce hand. Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them burial heere.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.
Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.
First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I haue to London sent The heads of Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt:
The manner of their taking may appeare At large discoursed in this paper heere.
We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.
Enter Fitzwater.

My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

Thy pains Fitzwaters shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yield'd up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlile, living to abide
Thy Kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried fear. Heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,<n>/</n>Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.<n>/</n>

From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.<n>/</n>

They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,<n>/</n>Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,<n>/</n>I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.<n>/</n>
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,<n>/</n>But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.<n>/</n>With Caine go wander through the shade of night,<n>/</n>And never shew thy head by day, nor light.<n>/</n>Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,<n>/</n>That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.<n>/</n>Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,<n>/</n>And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:<n>/</n>Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,<n>/</n>to wash this blood off from my guilty hand.<n>/</n>March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,<n>/</n>In weeping after this vntimely Beere.<n>/</n>

Exeunt

FINIS.